

Ships of Psychopathic Fools

Unfettered by reason

Untethered from conscience

They are bound for Torture Bay

Ugliness soils the water

While plastic smiles & giggling smugness

Wafts above the seas they roil

Sailing on surface

Afraid of diving to depths

They leave False Flags in their wake

A few Captain Blighs, some Redbeards

And a surfeit of *Gilligans*

Man (and Woman) their vessels of global evil

They pirate our souls

Cannonball cheap shots

And hoist the mast of the Few

Their truth

is as yar

As *The Wreck of Edmund Fitzgerald*